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Viewmont High School's Literary Magazine — Bountiful, Utah — October 2022 — Issue XXI

the wanderer – anonymous

lightening
my hair and tightening
my pores and crying
when i don't become you

is becoming someone i'm not worth it
but all you do is look picture perfect
and what you have? i think i deserve it
they think i'm smart but i'm bad at learning

“where's the emotion?”
they ask when i'm out of oxytocin
too late to just dip my toes in
because you have my devotion
“why aren't you happy?”
i don't know, i'm never happy
ever since they laughed at me
for having a dream
now i have no passion
for things i relaxed with
but i'm sure i'll miss them
when i leave

it's hard not to question
why they ask these questions
it's like they don't know they failed me
with that messaging
and it's because of them
that i can't have a second chance
but maybe i can start anew
if i can somehow become you

TWO-SENTENCE HORROR STORIES!

READERS, BEWARE! YOU'RE IN FOR A SCARE...

I didn't like it at first, it was so uncomfortable to wear,
but now it's started growing on me. She had such pretty
skin, it would be so sad to waste it.



She flipped the light switch, but the light
didn't turn on, no matter how much she
flipped it. With each tiny click, a dark
shadow loomed closer.

- GAIL STOKES



- HAZEN HATCH

I wake up late, and I am going to be late for school so, I
run to my closet and put the first thing I see; then I run
to the bathroom and brush my teeth; I hide my fluffy
hair with a cap, then I get out of my house and I grab my
phone to check the time. It says: "8:00 AM, Saturday."

- ANGELA SALAS



- **ABBIE FREDRICKSON**

I ran quickly into my house, there was no way it could get in now. I heard a crash, and as I watched, the vampire entered my home with the welcome mat clenched between its pale, boney fingers.



Time seemed to slow down as I dropped my phone over the bridge railing. It's been 50 years and I'm still watching as the device is slowly plummeting into the water.

- **HAYDEN BARNETT**



The mortician loaded the corpse into the crematorium. His tired colleague yelled as the fire rose around his body.

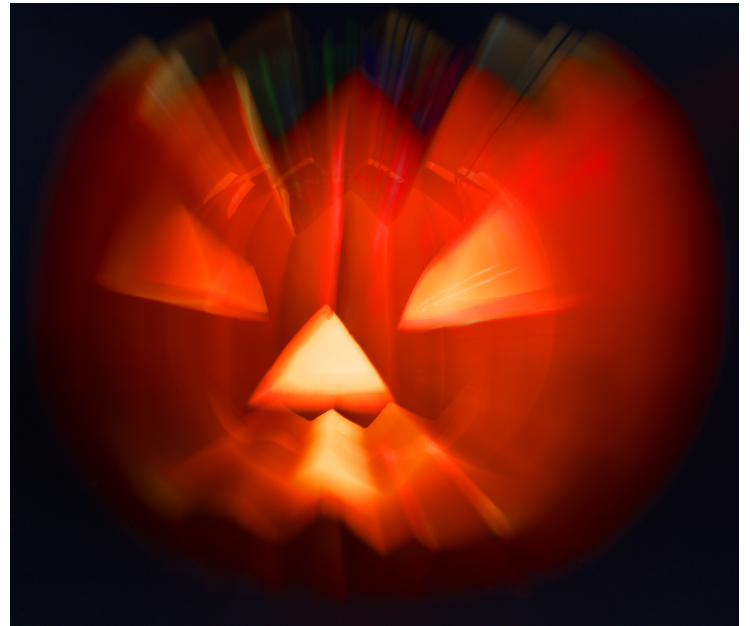
A man had just finished building an intricate clock for a very rich man. He was terrified when he saw the time was 13:00 o'clock.

- **KADEN ANDERSON**

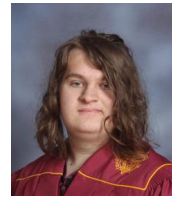
A woman was rushed to the hospital for surgery after a tragic accident, and the doctors shook as they were forced to perform the procedure without numbing solution. Her tears shown and wouldn't stop flowing because her laughter echoed throughout the room.



- **ABBIE MCBRIDE**



- **MASON DEAN**



It was 11:40 PM, I hurried to complete the assignment, which was due at 12:00 AM. Quickly finishing, I went to submit it, but noticed something off about the submission details: a "PM".

- **ALEX CHUMAKOV**

A man wakes up with his arm around someone. His son runs into the room and says, "Daddy that's not Mommy... what's going on?"



- **STERLING SUMMERS**



- **CRISTINA PEREZ**



- LONDON HUNTINGTON



Her reflection mimicked her actions as the girl finished getting ready for her day, blowing a kiss at the perfectly made-up image on the glass. The echo reached her bloody hand through the glass and caught the kiss, her eyes twisting menacingly as a black tear fell from her eye.

Dancing around the room, the boy could hear the music come to a slow, alerting him of the end. He jerked the other way, continuing to move across the floor, the strings above his head glistening in the spotlight.

- MADELINE HAMMOND

Want to submit your own work to Viking Runes?

Scan (or click) the QR code to get started!



Looking Through Life -GRIZZ DIAMONDBACK

Every time I wake up from my Dreams
The reality rushes in and hits me like a wave of water
Every now and then I think of them.
I write them down, hoping to remember them
The words on the page jump out to me
I start to cry, because of the memories
That brought me burning happiness
Oh, those times that I miss.

Looking back on the Past, how long should it last? The memories wrap around me like a cast. Wishing that what happened could come back.

Moving through the moment, they call the Present. They say it is up to you to make it pleasant. That you must live in the moment. Trying not to become dormant. The Fear of the future hangs over my head. Constantly fills me with dread. Wondering what will happen next. What mistakes I will make, the relationships that could be made or might break. The choices that lie in front of me.

But now I tell myself, whatever happens.

I should Remember the good & bad times of the past. To study and learn from other people's triumphs and mistakes. To prepare and be aware of the coming and possible future for me. But, not to forget that the Present is the most important thing happening to me.

While I turn my Dreams into a Reality.

Waiting for Me.

Life Update - FRANCESKA FRANCO

Things have changed since we are no longer friends

I finally had the courage to send that farewell message

I debated whether to send you one
I wanted to tell you how I felt.

I once played the song that you liked so much
I remembered when you sang it all the time
until it stuck to me too

I'm still with that lover I told you about

I don't go out much anymore

although when I do, my mother still thinks that I am with you.

It made me sad that you weren't here anymore

Well, there were many memories and laughter without stopping.

months passed and I understood that life advances and does not wait

makes us go our separate ways

and that doesn't have to be weird

if you think about it one way, it's wonderful

because at that time you also did incredible things

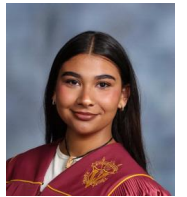
then maybe everything hasn't changed

because I will always love you

and although we do not speak

I hope you are well

and achieve all you once told me





- **MARSHALL PAGE**

PERCEPTION OF life - Nate Delgado

Day by day, time passes
 Each day a hair turns gray
 Little time left until death
 This is because of bad health
 Go outside enjoy your time
 With other people in your life
 Sooner or later these people pass by
 No one left by your side
 Age is just a number
 Controlling life in your mind
 Not letting you do things that let you wild
 Humans and plants not being able to live
 trees dancing in the wind
 Until they're cut down for a place to live
 People are like animals fighting for life
 Humans are mice in the world
 Just small little creatures
 Till the time comes the sun will die
 Once that day comes everything will say goodbye



Social Anxiety - Elizabeth Hardy

Tick
 The second hand on the clock ticks
 Class has yet to begin
 I'm nervous



Alone
 My hands are starting to sweat
 Tock
 The clock ticks again
 The doom of my future getting ever closer
 The teacher walks to the board
 The projector clicks on
 Tick
 My group's not here
 The project's not done
 My breath is unsteady
 Tock
 The world is distant and my hands shake
 They're still not here, they abandoned me
 This is why I don't trust people
 Tick
 The first group starts
 I am next
 Tock
 I'm rushing now hands flying over the key board
 I'm not ready, it's not done yet
 Tick

They're nearing the end of the slides
 No I'm not ready it's not my time
 Tock
 They're going to laugh
 The teacher like the reaper hovers behind me
 Tick
 I can hardly contain everything I feel
 Fighting fear choosing not to feel
 Tock
 The dread settles in, this is it this is my end
 Tick
 What I would to do just disappear better that then let this
 be my... then the teacher yells
JAMIE YOU'RE UP
 Tock
 I'm frozen in time

My brain my actions, they're not mine

Who is this that took the wheel, who is this who's
 chosen for me to not feel

It's her and I am she. We are one since the beginning,
 forever on and never alone

A war I will always fight alone

This is numb and I have nothing left to feel

Everything is gone and nothing is real